

THE BOON'S LICK TIMES.

JAMES R. BENSON & CLARK H. GREEN
Publishers & Proprietors,
And Publishers of the Laws, &c., of the United
States, by authority.

TERMS.

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at the end of the year. No paper discontinued
but at the option of the editors until all arrearages
are paid—and a failure to give notice (before the
end of the year) of a wish to discontinue will be
considered a new engagement.

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From the Louisville Journal.

THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

BY AMELIA.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
The all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time hath dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlet still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh sunny tress! the joyous brow,
Where thou didst lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses, now
Lies cold within thy grave.
That cheek is of its bloom bereft;
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left,
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget—
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power;
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments goes
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violet's slung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung:
Her life, 'twas like a half-blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opens the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then, I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start!
But, tears are on its lustre—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

FAYETTE, July 5, 1842.

Mr. Thomas L. Belt.—The undersigned
respectfully request you to furnish for publication,
a copy of the address delivered by
you on the 4th.

WM. BUSTER,
LABAN SEBREE,
SAM'L C. MAJOR,
A. J. HERNDON,
DAVID J. CALDWELL,
LARKIN RICHARDSON,
JAMES DUNN,
THOS. G. LOWRY,
JESSE M. BASKETT,

Com. of Arrangement.

Gentlemen:—In compliance with your
request, I have prepared a copy of my address.
Had I consulted my own will, I would cheerfully let it remain where it is;
but as it is "public property," I as cheerfully
submit to the wishes of those who are
somewhat interested in it, and have requested
a copy thereof for publication.

Yours Respectfully,
THOMAS LEOLINE BELT.

Messrs. Buster and others—Com.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The object of
our association is, to celebrate in a becoming

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 3.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1842.

No. 18.

ing manner the anniversary of our nation's
birth. On this, our political sabbath, the
freemen of America throng from mountain
and from valley, from every hill
and plain, and, sectional predilections
sacrificed at the shrine of national wel-
fare, they are seen crowding to the
Temple of Liberty, and burning their incense
on the altar of their common country.
They meet on the rocks and shores
of New-England; they come from the vast
valleys of the West; they start from the
verdant hills of Eastern climes; and, bright-
ening the links in the chain of political union,
they gather on the plains of the sunny
South.

"Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute."

The sturdy yeoman of the North, the enter-
prising citizen of the East, the hardy Pioneer
of the West, and the fiery son of the
South, kneel around the same shrine, and,
forgetting in the "flow of soul," the feel-
ings which, sometimes, embitter political
legislation, their prayers are wafted on
high, for the perpetuity of those institu-
tions which guarantee happiness at home,
and the triumph of liberal principles
throughout the world. Our object is to en-
live a sense of the magnitude and impor-
tance of the achievements of the revolu-
tionary patriots, and by a manifestation of
our gratitude on this occasion, to impress
upon the youth of the present generation a
regard for those principles which shaped
their actions. To accomplish this, we must
revert to the records of the past, and bring
in review before us, the sufferings and vir-
tues of the sages of '76. A short time
since, and where the pride, the brilliancy
and the beauty of Howard are now assem-
bled, the smoke gently curled from the wig-
wam of the Indian, and the diamond dew-
drop sparkled unseen on the leafy gems of
morning. Where we now behold our fields
verdant with generous crops, and our flocks
feeding on a thousand hills, one dismal
continuity of desert, bounded by the horizon,
was the range of the Urus, and the hero of
"lion-bearing" the theme of the "touching
ballad," the ruler of this wide domain.

I see before me the descendants of the hardy
pioneer of the West, and no doubt it will
be gratifying to them, and instructive to
their children, to give a brief history of our
common origin. After the crusade against
the infidel Saracens had terminated, the
subjects of the British isle applied them-
selves to the study of their own govern-
ment, and the redress of domestic griev-
ances. The house of York and Lancaster
alternately maintained the ascendancy, the
Mowbrays and Plantagenets figured largely
on the stage of action, until at last, came
on the iron despotism of the Stuarts. The
public mind was wrought up to a state of
excitement, which contributed to the activ-
ity and vitality of the body politic, and,
gradually extending the sphere of its visual
horizon, prepared it for the comprehension
of enlarged principles of government. The
people began to awaken from their
slumbers, and encouraged by such men as
Hampton and Sidney, they cast aside with
contempt, the long-cherished belief of the
"Jure divino" right of sovereignty. A
few glimmerings of light, penetrated the
pall, which hovering on the wings of Chaos,
had long mantled the world in darkness.
Availing themselves of the discovery of a
clime beyond the far Atlantic, the enduring
portents of England submitted to voluntary
expatriation, in order to enjoy and pro-
pagate the principles of social freedom, and
offer incense, on the altar of the heart, to
the Supreme Author of the Universe, un-
intimidated by the fulminations of the Vati-
can, or the unchanging dogmas of a bigoted
hierarchy. In a solitary ship, bidding
adieu to kindred and to home, they left their
sea-girt island. Can the ken of prophecy
forebode the fate of this self-exiled
band? The clouds were marshalled on the
plains of Heaven, the deep-toned organ of
eternity was pealing through the expanse
of ether, the lurid lightnings blazed in ter-
rific gleamings along the surface of the deep,
the waves kissed with their briny foam the
face of the empyrean—yet, led by the arm
of Omnipotence, they rode triumphant on
the bosom of the seas. Beautifully and
proudly was it said, "a voice from America
shouted to liberty." Before Columbus
discovered this mighty continent, the spirit
of the "chainless mind," sat enthroned in
her fortress, the freeborn wanderer on her
native mountains. Like the Goddess on
Phyle's brow, her home was the munition
of rocks, and amid the stupendous palaces
of nature, she surveyed her magnificent
grandeur encircling her romantic abode,
and revelled in its "glorious majesty." The
music of her voice, rising on morning's
dewy wings, soared where "angels bashful
looked," and her genius, pervading the
universe, dropped, like Elijah from Carmel's
height, the mantle of her inspiration on a
world enslaved. Aroused from their slum-
bers the pilgrims of every land thronged to
behold her splendours, and offer oblations on
her altar. Accepting her invitations convey-
ed in accents so gentle, a Roman would have
thought them intended for the Gods, our
Pilgrim Fathers, fled from political per-
secution to find a refuge here. They planted
a colony on the stormy shores of Plymouth,
and the tree of liberty, deep rooted in the
rock, sprang up amid the tempest and the
storm. A century or more had passed, in
converting the wilderness into habitations
accommodated to the wants of man, when,
suddenly the ministry of England, thought
of devising schemes, to impede their on-
ward career. It has been remarked by a
statesman of America, that this "wide-
extended country seemed to have been
formed for one united people." How true
was this verified in the conduct of our

ancestors. No sooner had England en-
croached upon the prerogative of one, than
united, they bade defiance to her power.
Such was their love of country, that,
though feeble compared with the mistress
of the seas, they dared encounter her rage;
such their elevation of soul, that, rather
than live, in obedience to the behests of a
tyrant, they preferred to die, and tear their
names from the polluted page of slavery.
Trifling indeed was the exaction which
drove them to rebellion, and wrapt their op-
pressors in a revolutionary flame. The
ethereal fire which kindled their minds is
beautifully described by Burke: "They
judged of the grievance by the badness of
the principle; they augured misgovernment
at a distance, and snuffed the approach of
tyranny on every tainted gale." They
waited not, until the chains of the oppres-
sor should bind their towering spirits in the
dust, but making no discrimination be-
tween the mountain weight of despotism,
and the gentle finger of royal protection,
they scorned the favor, and disclaimed al-
liance to the proud dictator. The faithful
counselors of the crown in vain attempted
to convince their sovereign of the woful
consequences, awaiting the interference of
Parliament in the legislation of men, who
had espoused a cause based on the immu-
table principles of justice. Misguided, by a
corrupt parliament, and infatuated ministry,
he attempted to lay his power-clad arm on
climes separated by intervening Oceans.
Then it was, that the voice of an insulted
people rose to Heaven, in its appeals from
the tribunals of earth. There it was the
revolutionary sages, published to the world
that document, which, to-day has been read
in your presence—the author of which is
more worthy of eternal commemoration
than the mightiest conqueror that ever dip-
ped his sword in blood. The resolution of
the revolutionists, never to swerve from
that duty which prompted them to action
when they signed this sacred instrument—
was the result of profound abstraction—
abstraction not of doubt or despondency,
but of high consideration and deep resolve.
Foremost among the master spirits of the
age whose destinies called them to rule in
the storms of war, was one whom tempta-
tions could not seduce—and to whom the
garter, crest and star—the coronet and the
glittering diadem appeared as worthless
playthings—the gewgaws of an hour. A
stranger to the splendors of a court, he
was uncontaminated by its vices and its
crime. He longed not for battle, that his
name might be enrolled with the demigods
of earth; he sought not to decorate his
brow with garlands, by writing his name
on "cities desolate." His countrymen be-
held the dark cloud of legitimacy, like the
pale star fraught with ruin, which from its
hair "shot pestilence and death." The ex-
ecrations of the plundered heathen, had told
the story of British misrule, and rendered
their oppression proverbial among the na-
tions. Their country called, and in obedi-
ence to its mandate, the apostles of free-
dom rose in defence of human rights. It
was when the daring began for a moment
to despond, that every son of Columbia,
from the mountain to the plain laying his
hand upon the altar of his country, made a
vow more inviolable than the Stygian oath,
that, if the fair fabric they had erected,
should be levelled with the dust, they would
be buried in its ruins. The generous youth
departing from his paternal home consecrated
by the reminiscences of other days, de-
voted his life to the cause of his country,
resolved to achieve her liberties, or like the
Spartan to return with his shield, or upon
it.

"And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the deathbed of fame."

The heralds of freedom scanned, with pro-
phetic vision, the dawning of that day,
when degraded man should no longer weep
at his country's name: when oppression
should be hurled from her throne, and her
name and nature no longer stain the histor-
ical page. They knew, that, should young
Liberty perish in the storms in which its
infancy was cradled, its cause would be lost
through all time. The name of Republic
had withered from the earth; monarchy
held undivided sway over the fragments of
a ruined world, and this seemed the last
asylum from those convulsions which had
prostrated the monuments of ancient grand-
eur, where the scions of the tree of liberty
should again germ and overshadow the
earth.

Assembled, as we are to-day, briefly to
rehearse the brilliant achievements of the
sages of '76, let their zeal, their devotion,
and their exalted patriotism—a series of
splendid performances partaking more of
romance than the character of history, their
sufferings and their triumphs impress us,
their descendants, with a holy regard for
the principles which they cherished. Had
they submitted to the misrule of monarchy
the chill of death would have frozen the ge-
neral current of liberty. Had they admitted
the right of taxation on the part of the
British Parliament, without regard to the
accumulated oppression entailed upon poster-
ity, they might have lived in peace, and
this century after century might have rolled
away—yes for eighteen centuries more
might yon brilliant orb have radiated its
beams over the plains of America, ere the
avengers of degraded man might have risen
in vindication of human rights. Had they
tamely surrendered their birthright, their
children instead of rising up, as we do to-
day, and calling them blessed, would curse
them with the bitter maledictions which fall
only from the lips of the damned. But,

"The light which led them on
Was light from Heaven."

The gloom through they followed the meteor
of victory dissolved like the mist be-

fore the morning beams; the goal of their
holy aspirations was attained; their grand
destinies were fast being accomplished, for
a young Aurora, fresh from her rosy bed,
had, in her brilliant transit, streaked with a
halo of glory the brow of the political firm-
ament. The revolutionary struggle, dur-
ing which the disciples of the true faith
had stood unshaken by charge, unseparated
by temptation, untimidated by danger, was
crowded with success. Our armies were
the conquerors of the "conquerors of the
world," and the American Eagle, like the
Condor pitching from the heights of Chim-
borazo, flew onward and upward, and hail-
ed the coming sun of Liberty. The proud
mistress of the Ocean—she, who laid her
arm of rule on the farthest Indies, and
swayed the sceptre of empire over Hin-
dostan—she on whose almighty fiat hung
the destinies of nations, was curbed on her
high career. Her bright escutcheon was
tarnished, her veterans of a hundred bat-
tles routed—her haughty navy swept from
the face of the Ocean, verifying the mem-
orable expression of Elizabeth "afflavit
Deus et dissipavit." It becomes us, on
this occasion, to pay a passing tribute of
respect to the memory of him, who con-
summated our Independence. Formed by
nature to be great, Washington was one of
her "noblest noblemen." Considerations of
personal elevation found no lodgement in
his bosom; visions of honor floating before
his imagination could not swerve him from
his high and noble purpose. He had ambi-
tion; so have all great minds. His was
of that pure and generous kind which exalts
man to the Gods above. He did not, like
Cesar, passing the Rubicon, invade the sa-
cred soil of his country, exclaiming in the
spirit of a military adventurer, "The die
is cast." Its generous sons and lovely
daughters wept not over the desolation
which marked his path—the sighs of or-
phans, and expiring agonies of martyred
heroes, cried not aloud to Heaven for ven-
geance on his head. His was not like the
star of Napoleon, which, rising in splendor,
blazed like some fierce comet in its flight,
and dazzled and desolated nations in its
course. The peals of victory which rose
from Wagram and Gerona, were not to him
the breath of life. He rejoiced not with
the Corsic Chief at the "SUN OF AUSTRALITY;"
his soul would not have been enraptured at
the "OCEAN OF FLAME," which enveloped
moscow. No; his was brighter

"Purer fame
Than gauds laid round Marengo's name."

Cesar laid unholy hands upon the treas-
ury, Napoleon converted his nation into a
band of slavish conscripts, but the fame of
our Washington is as pure as the spotless
drapery of Heaven. Cesar fell a traitor
with "et tu Brute" on his lips—Napoleon
sunk the tenant of Helena's isle, but Wash-
ington sleeps calmly on the shore of his native
Potomac. His country emancipated and
free—her liberties placed beyond the reach
of aggression, he sought domestic retire-
ment, there to indulge in the recollections
of the past, and anticipations of the future,
mingled with the adoration of a nation's
love. The angel of death, commissioned
from on high, summoned him to a hap-
pier clime, and in the midst of national in-
fluence and national prosperity, he dropped on
us the "mantle of his memory," and was
gathered to his fathers. Though no pyramid
monuments inscribed his name, though no
passing stranger "siste victor—heroa calces,"
his memory is embalmed in the hearts of
his countrymen, his name is engraved on
her everlasting mountains—

"The meaneast rill, the mightiest river
Rolls, mingling with his fame forever."

We have given a brief sketch of the rise
and progress of Republican freedom in our
own country, and hasten to advert to a few
instances, in which its political equalization
has succeeded beyond the expectation of its
most enthusiastic admirers. The sacred
principle of resistance to monarchy is creat-
ing proselytes in every clime, and as it
spreads wider and wider, the eyes of all
christendom are turned upon us with con-
fidence and affection. Though a Bourbon
yet rule on her throne, France is cherish-
ing the principle of constitutional liberty.
Italy too is waking from the dream of cen-
turies—We can almost picture to ourselves
the forum burning with the eloquence of
Cicero, and the Goddess of Liberty revis-
iting her native home, and from the rock
Tarpeian surveying the lofty city.

"Call aloud
On Tully's name
And bid the fathers of her country hail!"

Greece, the consecrated home of the mu-
ses, the land sanctified by the spirits of
Hesiod and Homer, and Socrates and Plato,
and Sophocles and Phidias, arises to new-
ness of life. The sceptre of the Porte
shall no longer crush the generous energies
of her patriot souls. Her groves shall
bloom again, and again shall her temples
rise. Again shall Philosophy hold her courts
on the banks of the Ilissus, and in the sha-
dy groves of Academus, and the high born
sons of Lycinus and Themistocles kneel-
ing at her shrine, shall feel the inspiration of
genius, which kindled the soul of Byron
when he exclaimed,

"Long to the remnants of thy splendor past,
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied throng,
Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song!"

From the deserts of Russia, from the cot-
tage of the sons of "Green Erin," from the
site of deserted Scio, and from the isles of
Ocean, prayers are winged on high for the
permanency of our institutions, the triumph
of constitutional freedom, and the triumph
of humanity. Where Pizarro's banner
flew—and where Cortes revelled in the halls
of Montezuma—there the self-same star

dard which streams from the Alleghanies
waves. The wings of Liberty have win-
nowed the clime of romantic Spain, and
those that drink of the tides of the Amazon,
and rest beneath the shade of the Andes
have worshipped at her shrine. Founded
on an adamantine basis, her Temple rises
fair and majestic, and to its threshold the
oppressed of every land are directing their
political pilgrimage. The day is not far
distant, when the nations shall come—the
sable dweller from the cliffs of Atlas, and
they that nightly see the flames of Hecla,
in orient climes, laved by the bright waves
of the Ganges, and all that stretch from
the wall of Hadrian to the burning Cancer, and
the shadowless Ethiopia—shall come and
repose beneath the shade of the tree of
Liberty—when on the brows of the Atlas,
the Alps, the Andes, and the Appennines,
temples shall arise, and over their tops shall
wave the olive branch and the starry ban-
ner, and the light of Heaven descending,
shall rest upon them forever. History, the
faithful chronicler of human events, teaches
us that most governments which have ex-
isted, have been purely accidental, depending
on a combination of adventitious circum-
stances, or originated in fraud and oppres-
sion. The theories heretofore entertained
in relation to the science of self-govern-
ment, are at best but fanciful speculations,
depending on the imagined perfectibility of
man, and the impossibility of devising a
system, combining an equality of moral and
political right, with a wise administration
of the laws. Solon believed that man,
whose soul is touched with a spark of di-
vinity, might gradually become equal to the
Gods; Lycurgus, viewing him as the sport
of passion and caprice, has left for his gov-
ernment a sanguinary code; and Plato,
from his philosophical retreat, has bodied
forth an ideal republic love. The great de-
sideratum, the science of correct government
has been attained within the last century,
and the expression of an eminent writer that
"the artificial noble shrinks into a dwarf
before the noble of nature," seems literally
verified. It appears to have been reserved
for the sages of this Republic to try an ex-
periment which has resulted beyond the ex-
pectation of the most sanguine. Marvel
not that I say EXPERIMENT. What can it
not perform? It discovered to the philoso-
phic mind of Newton the principles of
gravitation; it enabled him to measure the
comet's flight along the battlements of Heav-
en; to analyze the colors of the rainbow;
to mark the march of sound; to scan the
cerulean dome of the firmament, spangled
with isles of light, and number the stars
that gem its graceful arch. It has introduced
man to the grand arcana of nature—un-
folded to his vision the glories of the skies,
the music of the spheres, the harmony of
the universe, and stamped on the world of
matter, the impress of mind. It taught our
Franklin to hold close communion with the
God of Nature; to mount in his chariot of
thought, and explore the outskirts of crea-
tion, and, descending from his splendid tour,
to cast the flaming thunderbolts in subjec-
tion at his feet, and

"Weave his garland of the lightning's wing."

Such are the wonders of EXPERIMENT.
Ours is a government of experiment, based
on equality, in which all are admitted to a
participation of political privileges—in
which all are equal in moral right. The
same laws govern, the same ambition ani-
mates, the same distinction awaits all—
whose eyes are fixed on the steep where the
laurel waves her evergreen. The portals
of the Temple of Fame are open to all;
whether they would engage in the hurri-
cane of political life, or revel on the hea-
ven-born creation of inspired genius;
whether with Newton they would unveil
the mysteries of nature, and gaze into the
depths of Deity, or, with Franklin clothed
with the armory of Heaven, soar beyond
yon flaming confines, where "angels trem-
ble as they gaze." Yon resplendent orb,
in his daily march, beholds no country bet-
ter adapted to the wants of civilized man,
than our own. Rivers, the noblest on the
habitable globe, intersect our country, and
engines of locomotion approximate its ex-
tremities. We have a climate the most sa-
lubrious, and variegated from the frosts of
Russia, to the mellow atmosphere of an
Italian sky. The products of our country
are waited to every clime; our flag is re-
cognized in every land; our gallant navy,
the right arm of our national defence, rides
in triumph on every sea, for

"Her march is on the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep."

and the declaration, "I am an American citi-
zen," is a recommendation to all nations.
What a sublime prospect does not the fu-
ture open upon our raptured vision! What
a subject for the contemplation of the states-
man and the patriot! Here, the oppres-
sed of every clime stand redeemed by the
spirit of our Constitution, regenerated by the
Genius of Liberty, and disenthralled from
the burning chains in which they were en-
volved. Here, no tyrant sways the iron rod
of despotism over a servile and degraded
race, but that sublime emblem of might and
majesty—the will of a free-born people—is
the Palladium of our republican govern-
ment. Here, no imperial autocrat, rearing
his throne on the ruins of expiring freedom,
sports with the destinies of man, like Nero,
when he dined at burning Rome; but a
wall of fire surrounds the Temple of our
Liberty, and flaming sentinels are stationed
on its watch-towers. Here, glowing with
the fire of Heaven, the soul of man, un-
trammelled by religious thralldom, soars
above the superstition and bigotry of for-
mer times. The union of Church and State
destroys not the beauty and harmony of
our political system; but the Jew and the
Gentile, the Calvinist and Arminian, the

Christian and the heathen, worship the God
of Nature according to the dictates of con-
science. My Country! how bright is thy
destiny! how grand! how brilliant! how
magnificent thy career! Who shall say,
looking to the records of the past, that
when the dynasties that be, shall have crum-
bled into dust, and the name of monarchy
shall have withered from the earth, the star
of Empire shall not calumniate and gem
our political galaxy; and our banner, torn
from the spangled brow of Heaven,
dance in the breeze of every clime. But
let us not vainly boast of our prosperity, pre-
suming that our liberties, without vigilance
on our part, will be eternal. Let us re-
member that all earth has, of brightest and
of best, is subject to the vicissitudes of for-
tune. Not a nation has flourished but can
testify to this melancholy truth. Could we
transport ourselves back in imagination, and
inquire of a Grecian whether the Parthenon
would endure forever, he would exclaim,
yes! the head of Medusa will petrify the
demon who will dare invade her sanctuary.
Yet fire and the sword have scathed the
dwelling of Minerva, and age has shaken
Athena's towers. To the classic enthusiast,
the scenery of Athens, proud even in her
desolation, may afford delight; but to the
traveller, how wretched is the clime of the
mighty—the forgotten dead—how dimmed
by the mist of years, is the bright eye
of Greece. The Acropolis crowned with
the ruins of the Parthenon—her fanes and
temples desolate and deserted—Helicon
and Parnassus no longer frequented by
the sacred Nine—the plains of Marathon;
the shores of seagirt Salamis—remind us
of the moral reflection of Byron,

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung—
Where grew the arts of arms and peace—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set!"

If, in her palmiest days of power, a Roman
citizen had been asked whether the liberties
of his country would be eternal, the proud
Roman would have answered, yes! When
granite moulders, then may Rome decay.
Yet the curse of a mournful immortality
has rested on the summit of the Coliseum,
and the Parthenon—the temple of all her
Gods—is fast mingling with the dust. The
visible effects of political corruption on na-
tional glory—the ruin of an empire, the
mightiest that ever rose or fell, warn us
that human institutions are pregnant
with the seed of self-dissolution. Could we
behold Roms throne on the imperial hill
where glory and freedom sat, and at her
feet, the seven-hilled city—the "NI-
BOE of nations"—bleeding and "crownless
in her woe," we would hear the voice of the
angel of death, exclaiming, with its wings
spread on the blast,

"Alas! the lofty city, and the day,
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass;
The conqueror's sword
Alas! for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!"

The permanency of empire depends not on
physical causes, but on the moral condition
of mankind. By us then the problem must
be solved, whether a people are capable of
preserving a republican government, or
must eventually seek protection in the arms
of monarchy. On you, ye lovely daugh-
ters, whose influence is so transcendently
unlimited in the moral world—on you, has
devolved the task to keep alive the fire of
Vesta, by instilling the principles of pa-
triotism into the bosom of those who are
destined to be the pillars of our Republic,
and to administer in the capacity of high
priests at its sacred altar. On this genera-
tion it depends, whether the principles of
the revolution shall long survive the con-
vulsions in which they had their origin;
whether the last hopes of freedom to the hu-
man race shall be smitten and crushed in
their last asylum, and the Goddess of Liberty,
finding no resting place upon the earth,
shall return to her native Heaven. Forbid
it, supernal Power! that Freedom, ascend-
ing in her shining car, should leave no vestige
—no whispering of her name behind.
Let her be exiled hence, and man, no longer
defended by her polished Avons, will petrify
at the Gorgon glance of Monarchy. Let
her take her flight, and the glorious pillars
of our Union will be rent asunder—the
proud fabric, reared by the wisdom of the
master-spirits of this Republic, will crum-
ble into ruins, and the Temple of Liberty
be levelled with the dust of the valley. But
why indulge in such gloomy apprehensions,
merely because Rome and Athens, and Car-
thage and Corinth have been swept from
the earth with the besom of destruction?
Let us remember that to the sages of this Re-
public was the triumph of establishing a sys-
tem of government which harmonizes and
protects the diversified interests of inde-
pendent sovereignties; and we, their de-
scendants, tracing the effects of their ex-
pansive philanthropy, behold knowledge
become power, laws receiving the submis-
sion of freemen, and monarchy—that bane
to individual enterprise and political pros-
perity—banished from the land. Thrice-
happy America!—thou hast proved that a
people can govern themselves. Thy
daughters, "pure as the captured thrill of
joy"—thy warrior-sons, generous and
brave, are honored and respected in every
land. From the shores of the calm Pacific
across the stormy billows of the Atlantic,
your starry banner

"Mingles with its gorgeous dyes,
The milky tide of the skies,
And stripes its pure ethereal white
With streakings of the morning light!"

Oh my country, my country, thy liberties
are eternal! Though political dissensions
sometimes arise, yet when oil is cast on the
waves of popular commotion, they subside,
like the Ark gently resting on the leafy
brow of Ararat.

"Madam, I don't like such striking proofs
of your esteem," as the artist observed
when he was jumping out of the kitchen
window, and the mistress of the house was
assisting him with the fire shovel.